Prosecutor William D. Mason as he is being honored by the Cuyahoga County Democratic Party on May 18, 2003.

Mr. Mason graduated from Cleveland-Marshall College of Law in 1986. Shortly thereafter, he began working with the Cuyahoga County Prosecutor's Office as an assistant prosecutor. In 1993, Mr. Mason was elected to hold the office of Law Director and Chief Prosecutor for the City of Parma. During his six-year tenure as Law Director, Mr. Mason maintained and implemented high standards within all areas of Parma's legal department—from working with County agencies to prosecute criminals, to saving the City thousands of dollars in the reduction of legal fees.

Since January of 1999, Mr. Mason has held the elected position of Chief Prosecuting Attorney for Cuyahoga County—the twentieth largest county in the United States, and the largest county in Ohio. In this capacity, Mr. Mason and his staff are responsible for the indictment and prosecution of more than 25,000 criminal felony and juvenile delinquency cases every year. Additionally, Mr. Mason is the Chairman of the Internet Crimes Against Children Task Force. The Task Force is a team effort, comprised of local, state and federal authorities whose focus and goal is the apprehension and prosecution of Internet child molesters. In addition to his professional accomplishments, Mr. Mason continues his significant service to his community as coach, mentor and volunteer.

Mr. Speaker and Colleagues, please join me in honor of Mr. William D. Mason, Cuyahoga County Prosecutor, as we recognize his significant expertise, dedication and contribution—all focused on the safety and welfare of every citizen within our entire community.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF NIGHT?

HON. TOM LANTOS

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, June 12, 2003

Mr. LANTOS. Mr. Speaker, last month leaders and citizens from throughout America gathered in the Capitol Rotunda to commemorate the Days of Remembrance. The ceremony had many powerful moments, but none more moving than the remarks of my good friend Dr. Elie Wiesel, the Founding Chair of the United States Holocaust Memorial Council and one of the world's foremost champions for human rights and civil liberties.

A native of Romania, Elie Wiesel was fifteen when he and his family were deported to Auschwitz. His mother and younger sister perished, but he survived with the conviction that the international community must never forget the lessons of the Holocaust. During the past fifty years, as both an author and a teacher, Dr. Wiesel has devoted his life to this end.

However, to classify Elie Wiesel's legacy as one of remembrance takes into account only a small portion of his impact on society. He has spoken out not only against anti-Jewish atrocities, but also on behalf of victims from every corner of the globe, from Argentina's Desaparecidos to refugees of Cambodia's Khmer Rouge regime. When Dr. Wiesel was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1986, his speech clearly elucidated the link between the Holocaust and all other human rights abuses:

Human suffering anywhere concerns men and women everywhere. . . . As long as one dissident is in prison, our freedom will not be true. As long as one child is hungry, our life will be filled with anguish and shame. What all these victims need above all is to know that they are not alone; that we are not forgetting them, that when their voices are stifled we shall lend them ours, that while their freedom depends on ours, the quality of our freedom depends on theirs.

Mr. Speaker, on April 30 we were once again privileged to learn from this extraordinary man. Dr. Wiesel used his remarks to remind us that horrific memories of the Holocaust do not constitute a social end in and of themselves; rather, they must be used to ameliorate suffering in today's world and in that of tomorrow. ''If we want to remember,'' he said, ''if we want you to remember all those emaciated faces, all those burning eyes, all those muted prayers, it is not only for our sake but also for your children's and theirs. . . . Is memory the only answer to the tragedy itself? But whatever the answer, memory is its most indispensable element.''

Mr. Speaker, I am honored to enter the full text of Elie Wiesel's remarks into the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD.

DAYS OF REMEMBRANCE REMARKS

ELIE WIESEL, FOUNDING CHAIR UNITED STATES HOLOCAUST MEMORIAL COUNCIL, APRIL 30, 2003—THE CAPITOL ROTUNDA

From Isaiah, chapter 21: Shomer, ma milail? Watchman, what of the night? This ancient call of the prophet of chastisement and consolation reverberates in our memory today as we remember the men and women, young and old, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, secular and pious, dreamers of sacred blessings and seekers of hidden redemption, who were sentenced to suffer unparalleled agony and solitude in ghettos and death-camps not for what they have done or possessed or believed in but for what they were, sons and daughters of a people whose memory of persecution was the oldest in recorded history.

All the rivers run to the sea, days come and go, generations vanish, others are born, remembrance ceremonies follow one another—and hatred is still alive, and some of us, the remnant of the remnant, wonder with the poet Paul Celan: who will bear witness for the witness, who will remember what some of us tried to relate about a time of fear and darkness when so many, too many victims felt abandoned, forgotten, unworthy of compassion and solidarity? Who will answer questions whose answers the dead took with them? Who will feel qualified enough and strong enough, faithful enough to confront their fiery legacy?

What was and remains clear to some of us, here and elsewhere, is the knowledge that if we forget them, we too shall be forgotten.

But is remembrance enough? What does one do with the memory of agony and suffering? Memory has its own language, its own texture, its own secret melody, its own archeology and its own limitations: it too can be wounded, stolen and shamed; but it is up to us to rescue it and save it from becoming cheap, banal, and sterile.

Like suffering, like love, memory does not confer special privileges. It all depends on what one does with what we receive, for what purpose, in the name of what ideal. If we invoke our right, our obligation to remember a frightened child who, in a ghetto, was assassinated before the eyes of his mother, an old teacher beaten to death in the presence of his disciples, a nocturnal procession walking towards open pits already filled with corpses, a beautiful woman driven insane with grief before being knifed by the killer—if we want to remember, if we want you to remember all those emaciated faces, all those burning eyes, all those muted prayers, it is not only for our sake but also for your children's and theirs.

If it weren't for their memory, much of what has been undertaken and even accomplished would be without relevance—and worse: without meaning.

To remember means to lend an ethical dimension to all endeavors and aspirations. When you, my good friend Secretary Powell, search deep into your heart, you find that most of your diplomatic initiatives and military responses have been rooted in your faith in the mysterious power of History of which memory is made. Isn't that principle the one that keeps on governing all our lives? Wasn't 1938 the main factor in your recent decision-making regarding Iraq? In those years there were two great powers in Europe: France and Great Britain. Had they intervened instead of preaching appeasement, there would have been no world war, no Auschwitz.

Watchman, what of the night?

Is memory the only answer to the Tragedy itself? But whatever the answer, memory is its most indispensable element.

An ancient Talmudic legend tells us that when the soul leaves the body to return to heaven, it cries out in great pain; and the outcry is so powerful that it reverberates throughout creation. What about the outcry of six million souls?

Well, among the victims who were killed there was a 12-year-old girl, Yunite Vishniatzky, from a small village named Byten near Slutsk. This is her last letter, dated July 31, 1942: . . . ''Dear Father, I say good-bye to you before dying . . . We want very much to live . . . But they won't let us—that's how it goes . . . I am so afraid of dying: small children are thrown into the grave alive . . . I say good-bye to you forever . . . And give you a big kiss . . . Your Yunite . . .''

Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? And the watchman says: the morning comes, and also the night . . .

So—we remember all the children whose lives bothered the enemy so much he felt the irresistible urge to wipe them out. We remember Yunite Vishniatzky . . .

When her soul left her frail body, was her cry heard by anyone, anywhere?

ON THE RECOGNITION OF THE CITY OF DEERFIELD BEACH BEING NAMED A 2003 ALL-AMERICA CITY AWARD FINALIST

HON. E. CLAY SHAW, JR.

OF FLORIDA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, June 12, 2003

Mr. SHAW. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize the city of Deerfield Beach, Florida for their selection as 2003 All-America City Award Finalist. It is my pleasure to congratulate the mayor, the city commission, and the citizens of Deerfield Beach as they are recognized by our nation with consideration for the oldest and most respected community recognition award in the nation. I applaud the residents of Deerfield Beach for their strong civic pride and their dedication to their community.

Mr. Speaker, located in Florida's 22nd Congressional District, the city of Deerfield Beach has previously been recognized as America's First Project Impact Community and as a four-time National Blue Wave award-winner, as well as an All-America City finalist in 2001.